



The Omen Issue 59.5

Hampshire ORIGINAL

Ed

The

Omen
Sheep

OMEN

59.5

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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Max: little shit

Mia: Orion Matilda Eleanor Nathaniel

Willow: Merlin

Violet: ewe are gay

Jay: Oinkerz Boinkerz

Nic: Omenus Prime

Hazel: War

Jordan: Ed Wingenschach



Front Cover: Maxine Aurelia-Ann Gamboa

Back Cover: Maxine Aurelia-Ann Gamboa

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Mia's mailbox (1084), Willow's mailbox (1265), or Max's mailbox (0509).

Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the Hampshire College Student Handbook. Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to omen@hampshire.edu; we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don't bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at expelallo.men, and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!



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EDITORIAL

Happy Omenday!

by Max, Willow, and Mia

Who Needs Grammarly When You Have Your Self-Critical Brain?

By Maxine Aurelia-Ann Gamboa



I would be lying if I said I didn't criticize *nearly* every sentence I type into a Google Doc. Quick text to my best friend Hanna? Barely gets a look over before I send it. Don't get me started with the shit that happens in Discord.

Though when my fingers switch to a Google Document, something changes in my brain. Suddenly I am not the gay stoner¹ who is screaming at my friend over Good Omens; I become the academic editor I've recoiled from for most of my writing career.

I've struggled with sharing my writing with others since I learned how to write stories. I could chalk out the many experiences Mini Max faced that made them feel that their English wasn't 'perfect' like the other kids. A big part of it was my English *wasn't* like the academic standards I'd been taught to obey.

My Dad prided himself on being American, he was no longer Peruvian and his children certainly would *not* be. I wonder if this comes as a response to the racism he has faced in this country, despite his lectures on how much he loved America and did not like speaking Spanish², my Dad seemed relaxed in our multi-language home compared to when we were outside of it.

He was the first to arrive in this country from Chorrillos, Peru. I'm not sure when exactly my other family members came but I do remember the cozy feeling of being in a cramped house. Upstairs (or Arriba as my siblings and I would nickname it) would house my mother, father, and two younger siblings. Downstairs had my abuelita, my Tias, and my primo. This is the environment I was raised in since day one!

I was introduced to American capitalism after spending a few weeks in the NICU. I was ready to be brought home. My parents had to go to work. My Dad handed over freshly birthed me, all swaddled up in a carrier, to my Tia who had never taken care of a child before then. She told him she didn't know what to do, and he said he had to go to work. Thank god my Abuelita was there.

From there on, most of my developmental age was spent with two Peruvian women who were just as new to the country as I was. I picked up on gestures more than I did words. We had our own language in our multi-cultural household. When my family didn't want to speak English they'd wave towards something *or* they would try their best but the words wouldn't come to them. I could gather what they wanted and we got the job done. I realized this wasn't the norm when I experienced the outside world.

When my family stumbled through words in public I noticed the way people's eyes would glaze over, a frustrated sigh would leave their lips, and the smiley persona faded as soon as they heard an accent.

They had immediately given up on treating my family like any other (white) American, simply because they needed a second or two to finish their sentence. Rather than get angry at the people who judged my family, at the systems that promote this behavior, I learned that if I was going to speak it better be clear and concise. I was embarrassed for my family, how did they not notice the glares? The giggles? Why did I have to be the American-born kid who was aware of the shame they didn't see?

"What does this have to do with writing?" I hear my inner editor ask. (I'm getting there! Geez.) When we (humans, homosapiens, fleshy sour patch kids, etc.), learn to write, the thoughts dance from our brain to our fingertips, gliding across our writing utensil until bam! Your thoughts are physical now, pretty cool huh? Until you realize there are rules.

Your writing must not 'float' off of a line; you can't use "and, and, and" when listing things; don't use slang; "Why don't you kids know cursive? It was taught in my day!" All of these rules of writing make it harder to write. Some are useful tools, it is nice to use a comma rather than "and," but other times these rules are another way to draw a line between what is *accepted* language and what *isn't*.

1 I use this term lightly, I don't have time to get stoned!

2 Despite calling the Dunkin Donut's workers 'Primo' when thanking them (that is the most he spoke Spanish when he did not have to).

I had seen what one side of the line looked like, how people look at you when you are there, and I didn't want that. I shouldn't care what people think of me, but when you're taught that people are going to assume things about you because of the way you look, it's hard *not* to want to try and give them something to enjoy. Something to prove you're just like them. Even when you know for so many reasons you aren't.

Don't get me wrong, I love writing. My imagination was (and still is) massive. In elementary, I had to write stories, or else I would not be able to get those thoughts out of my head and focus on my schoolwork. Now here I am in my second year of college, and I do not write fiction. I rarely write outside of school assignments, and these editorials have been the most I've written since I attempted a blog.³ What happened?

If I had to guess, I would say my brain soaked all of those rules, lectures, and sprinkled in a few of my own insecurities to create an inner editor for myself. I'm not really sure when they got here, but they've been here long enough to take control of my writing, *or*—if I am having a rough day—they'll keep me from writing at all. As much as the editor is a pain in the ass, they aren't a separate entity from myself. I've come to realize that when I separate my thoughts as an 'other' they are harder to sit down and process. My editor is me, as I am the writer. I have no mouth but I must scream blah blah blah...

I've realized this system of thinking, in its fucked up way, was doing this to protect me. That childhood fear of being made fun of (or worse: being snootily corrected when I make a spelling/speaking mistake) grew up and became my internal editor. Writing is still hard, I am still figuring out how to navigate these internal wounds⁴ webbed within my head. As for writing, editing the Omen is helping. Viewing others' fanfic, poetry, essays on media, etc. has shown me the different ways people scribble down their thoughts. So, why not do the same in my editorial?⁵



3 It was fun while it lasted!

4 There are so many!

5 I'll write an editorial on Omen updates when it comes to me, right now you get ramblings! Prost!

i wrote for the omen last year about the new independence i felt at college & the opportunity it presented, & came to the conclusion that it was my responsibility to make the most of all that was available to me while i still had the chance. i was worried at the time that i would be too passive during my time at school & thereby miss out on experiences i could only have at hampshire, & to some extent that worry still weighs on me. by this point, however, the much more pressing concern is that i am missing out instead by overextending myself & failing to give enough time to any of my interests individually. the feeling that i am not making progress on my goals despite all of the effort i put into them demoralizes me far more than just simply being busy or unproductive ever could, & as a result i'm constantly exhausted, to an extent that i could not have predicted last year. the worst part, perhaps, is that i no longer hold the independence i did before, & so i can't just narrow my focus to a few key goals that i want to prioritize. instead, every choice i make with my time has a bearing on the rest of my academic & social life, & so i always have to remain aware of my commitments & responsibilities to other people around me before i can consider what is best for me. i keep telling myself that if i just had a week to myself, i'd be able to sort everything out & go back to normal, but the chances to get ahead that i've hoped for all semester never materialized, & at this point i've almost resolved myself to the possibility that i might not dig myself out again until the spring. for that reason, all of you that know me & hold expectations of me: please be patient! i will text you back, turn in that assignment, catch up on those chores, or resolve that interpersonal conflict eventually, & please trust me when i say i haven't forgotten. i can guarantee that it's just that i'm struggling to find the time & that i've been beating myself up about it already, & if i had a little more time i would have it done in a heartbeat! i swear i won't let this happen again in the future, but for the moment i can do nothing but fight my way out of the situation i put myself in, & i'll be eternally grateful if you can understand & give me the leeway i need to get back on track.

-willow watson 

Hampshire is Healing My Academic Trauma?!

By Mia Sanghvi

Whatsup Mamas? I'm finally awake enough to write my own editorial. The eepy disease hit me with full force last week lol

I'm going to be a little vulnerable in this short essay, so yeah 👍

For most of my schooling before Hampshire, I was always anxious about the grades I got. I think many of you who read this can relate to equating your self-worth with how well you did in school. I was in a very fortunate position where my dad never pressured me to get good grades, but nevertheless, I pushed myself to almost burn out. I thought that if I did better than my best, my mother wouldn't have left and that my dad's side of the family would finally accept me. Of course, I realize now that that's a very misguided way of thinking, and getting high grades would never impact my family dynamics much. However, as children, we have a very distorted view of the world, for better or worse. This thinking led to many downward spirals and mental breakdowns when I got less than an A. Definitely not healthy.

However, I can say that I'm breaking out of that mindset now that I'm at Hampshire. I never thought college would heal my academic trauma, but here we are! Now, I'm not saying that the academic system at Hampshire is perfect, as I can agree that it could be improved, but honestly, being here is like a breath of fresh air. I'm learning about topics that I actually enjoy, and I'm more concerned about what I'm learning instead of what my evaluation is going to be. I'm also finding that I may be... smart?! Whaaat?!!! No way!!! This may be pretentious of me, or like some of y'all might think I'm silly for it, but honestly, I did not think I was smart before Hampshire.

I think this goes into how schooling, especially in public schools, does not teach students how to healthily celebrate themselves and, in fact finds ways to lower student self-esteem. This can be for a multitude of reasons, such as low self-esteem is a great quality for being a worker in our capitalistic society. Another thing I want to point out is this more or less sinister tactic is oftentimes targeted at minorities, which also goes into the whole reason of why low self-esteem among minority groups benefits the systems the U.S. has in place.

My goal now is to try to live in spite of the systems that have made me feel so bad about myself by celebrating myself, and I hope you'll join me!

So, if no one has told you this today, let me be the one to say it. You are wonderful. You are loved. You are smart. You are talented. You are capable of great things. You got this! 🥳

With love,

Mia



SECTION SPEAK

CONTENT WARNING FOR SUBMISSION: GRAPHIC
DESCRIPTIONS OF SCHOOL SHOOTINGS

Bomb Threat Handling Letter

By Blaise Paine

The following letter was written on the night of September 27th, following the email titled “Campus Threat Determined Not Credible” from the Dean of Students, and then revised and expanded on September 29th following the email titled “Further Update on Campus Incident” from the Dean of Students. The letter was sent the morning of October 1st to President Wingenbach and Dean Waite, and submitted for publication on the Intranet and Daily Digest at the same time. The letter was denied publication on the Intranet and Daily Digest on October 3rd, on the grounds that “[the] letter is addressed to the administrators and it has been sent to and received by them.” I did not resubmit for publication following the rejection.

On October 4th, Dean Waite replied to the letter, offering to meet with me and “any of [my] peers who have a similar experience.” I have not personally followed up on this offer yet, as I would prefer to have this discussion with a larger group of students.

The letter represents only the opinion and perspective of myself, and does not intend to represent the opinions of anyone else.

Dear President Wingenbach and Dean Waite,

My name is Blaise Paine, I’m a Div 1 student here at Hampshire. I am writing to express my frustration, and frankly, my anger at the handling of the bomb threat made against the school on September 27th, 2023.

It is my belief that any threat ought to be taken at face value until it can be proven beyond a reasonable doubt that the threat is not credible. That means leveraging the emergency notification system, activating evacuation and shelter-in-place plans, mobilizing every emergency response resource available to the school, and cordoning off any threatened areas.

Given the information I have been provided as a student, I am left no choice but to conclude that Hampshire College’s conduct in this incident is—at the very best—grossly negligent.

You are charged with operating a school that has a disproportionately large queer student body, in a sociopolitical climate in which queer people face increasing marginalization and escalating violence. The threat of such violence in our day to day lives is omnipresent in our minds. This is not speculation. The past few years have already proven this fear and vigilance to be justified. The Colorado Springs shooting not even a year ago targeted queer people. Violent anti-queer personalities like Chaya Raichik have knowingly inspired and continue to inspire threats against both hospitals and schools.

You are charged with operating a school that has extended a hand to students fleeing the New College of Florida, with the implicit promise that they will be safe here. That the threats of violence they have faced in this very calendar year as a result of their courses of study will not follow them here.

That the men whose first appearances on campus saw them sell out the physical safety of the student body they were obligated to care for, in order to wax poetic about a perverted notion of freedom, would have no sway here.

You are charged with operating a school within 100 miles of the site of the Boston Marathon bombing, a bombing the entire student body was alive for, and many of whom were personally impacted by it and the subsequent manhunt.

You are charged with operating a school in a country that has been faced with a rash of school violence that has injured or killed over 554 students since the turn of the century, and traumatized countless more. The specter of this violence hangs heavy in the mind of every student I know. I know no student who has not jumped at the sound of a car backfiring in the pick-up line, or contemplated what they would do if there were to be an active shooter on their campus, or considered what they would text to their parents if they believed they were going to die, or lost sleep over nightmares of blood and bullet casings spilled in the halls of their schools.

You are charged with operating a school that, above all else, is a temple of learning. And **a temple is no place to fear.**

In the subsequent statement released on Friday, September 29th, while claiming to have heard the concerns of the student body, you failed to address any of them. No commitment to better communication was made, additional details provided are sparse bordering on nonexistent, and the statement concluded with a call to sign up for an emergency notification service *that was not used*. I have full faith in a community response model, and I continue to advocate for it's expansion on this campus. I hope you keep that in mind when I say the following: **a community response model is a necessary but solely insufficient part of a greater response when it comes to imminent threats of mass violence.** In this statement, you say that an emergency alert will be issued if "at any point the campus community is at imminent risk." You have provided no justification as to why a bomb threat does not constitute an imminent risk. I find a plausible justification difficult to imagine, but if Campus Safety was aware of information at the time of the threat that proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the situation did not present any imminent risk, the student body should have been informed as soon as the situation was controlled. Instead, it has been over four days and the student body still has no reason to believe that the lack of an evacuation and bomb sweep was anything short of offensively negligent.

Furthermore, it is implied that the person who made the threat is a student at the school. There has been no indication that the student in question has been removed from campus. To be clear, I am not advocating for a punitive approach, there was clearly a mental health crisis involved. However, to allow the student to remain on campus does a disservice to both the campus community *and* the student themselves. By doing so, the student continues to exist in the same context in which the threat was made, opening the door to a repeat crisis and possible interaction with instigating forces that contributed to the crisis in the first place. It is not unreasonable to fear that a repeat crisis could be more dangerous than the first.

As it stands, many in the student body can not feel confident that they are safe from this specific threat, let alone safe from future threats, considering the negligence and lack of communication that has been doubled down on.

It is your responsibility, now, to rebuild the trust you have damaged. I suggest the following actions:

1. Clarify the details of this threat in particular. When was this threat made, exactly? When was it concluded to be incredible? How was that determined? Who made the threat? Who and/or what was threatened, specifically? What was the motive? If any of these questions are unanswered, report the ones that are known, and seek the answers to the rest.
2. Review the procedures in place that led to this failure in communication. Isolate the point of failure, and fix it for future incidents.
3. Commit to clearer communication and care with such issues going forward.

If a fake threat is responded to as if it were real, no one is hurt. If a real threat is responded to as if it were fake, people may die.

I know you have received multiple emails much like mine on this issue thus far. Please consider that these emails represent only the thoughts and feelings of the students with the energy and skill to articulate them to you. Know that these thoughts and feelings are echoed in the minds of many more students who have not yet expressed them.

Thank you,
Blaise Paine
(they/she)

10/1/2023



Pieces of Hampshire College Sewer History

By Jess Lin Jiménez

I think most people on campus by now know that last month, some students opened a manhole/sewer cover (are those the same???) and went inside. A while ago I was on my favorite website, Livejournal, and I found a post from 2005 that contained a message from the Intranet:

This is a critical announcement that was automatically sent by Hampshire College's Intranet Announcement system.

For additional announcements, please visit <http://intranet.hampshire.edu>

Title : Campus Safety Alert

***DO NOT ENTER SEWERS OR MANHOLES!** Entering manholes and sewers is a dangerous activity that can result in injury to yourself and others.*

While it seems as if we shouldn't have to explain this, if you should fall or otherwise injure yourself in a manhole or sewer, others may not know that you are there. Uncovered manholes (particularly those in the middle of a walkway) may also result in others unexpectedly falling into the manhole, which could result in great injury. People may also inadvertently replace the cover to an uncovered manhole, trapping you inside. Many experienced workers have suffocated in manholes from gasses, fumes and/or lack of air. And last, it's just plain gross.

Sadly, this is a legitimate, serious message from the Office of Student Affairs. This is not a hoax. Failure to abide by this warning may result in disciplinary action.

If you're wondering, I couldn't find this message on the Intranet. For archival purposes, let's see the 2023 remake:

Safety Concern: Entering On-Campus Sewer Drains

The Dean of Students Office (DOSO) and the Campus Safety and Wellbeing (CSW) are aware that a group of unidentified students accessed the sewer drains on campus by lifting the sewer covers and going down into the drain. This is unsafe and could result in extreme harm and/or death to those who enter these spaces without appropriate safety gear.

Entrance into the sewers is prohibited by faculty, staff, and students due to the presence of carbon monoxide and other gasses that may exist. Only authorized individuals who are trained in OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration) pre-planning steps and guidelines may enter the sewers. In addition, removing the cover and leaving the sewer drain open can result in undue harm to other community members should they fall into an open or unsecured drain cover.

If you notice any individual(s) trying to enter a sewer drain or an open drain entrance, please contact CSW immediately at 413-559-5424. Hampshire College students who continue to enter these spaces may be referred to the Community Standards - Dean of Students Office.

If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact the Dean of Students Office at deanofstudents@hampshire.edu or Campus Safety and Wellbeing at csw@hampshire.edu.

I'm kind of confused because I thought manhole covers were super heavy. Then again that must explain the eighteen years it took to get the second one open.



Song Recs To Fill Up Space

By Maxine Aurelia-Ann Gamboa

1. The Stranger - Billy Joel --> This song took my breath away, it reminded me of what it feels like when you listen to a song that feels like a distant memory.
2. Robot Rock - Daft Punk --> I've started to listen to Daft Punk more, best songs for when you want to feel like a character in a movie/anime/webcomic. I love listening to this song when I'm in a powerful mood walking around campus.
3. The Night Comes Down - Queen --> I knew of Queen's greatest hits, though after listening to this song I'm glad I decided to listen to their full discography (currently I'm at their album Hot Space!)
4. Renegade - Styx --> This was my first introduction to alternative music, listening to it always takes me back to middle school, I love my little angsty nerd/punk self.

That's all for now, give them a listen if any pique your interest! Tschüss!



Playing with Phonemes in Virtual Singer Software (Semi-focused Rambling)

By Jess Lin Jiménez

Nonsense and News

I think people assume that I'm an expert on vocal synthesis stuff because I talk about it a lot. I'm not particularly knowledgeable about any of the "technical" things related to it, which is crazy because it's so interdisciplinary. It absolutely is one of the most inclusive fields and I'm frustrated that I don't know anything that gives me an "in". I think maybe it's fair to say that I know a fair bit about the internet culture sides of things, but even then I just like the stuff. I think it's cool so I talk about it and interact with content related to it. I just slowly accumulate a vague awareness by enjoying a thing I've enjoyed since I started high school. I actually don't know what I'm talking about.

Anyway, Eclipsed Sounds is the company behind some of the best SynthesizerV voices, SOLARIA and ASTERIAN. The team has announced the release date of its latest voice, SAROS. SAROS' release date is Thanksgiving - November 24th. They are the first SynthesizerV voice that will have full Spanish capabilities. They are not the first Spanish-language virtual singer, but there aren't many others (and fewer that are without deep controversy). SynthesizerV voices (Eclipsed Sounds in particular) have a level of realism unmatched by almost every other engine. SynthV and its affiliates (I again emphasize Eclipsed Sounds) very apparently are committed to representing that which is underrepresented in virtual singer software and doing it as well as possible – consistently outshining that which is overrepresented. For example, ASTERIAN's voice provider is a black American oktavist, Eric Holloway, and it shows. Even in his newly released Lite version, ASTERIAN's vocals are identifiably black with a rich, masculine, bass quality. As far as I know, no other virtual singer software offered such a voice and I would argue that even if they had, they weren't likely to be on the same level. SynthV was also the first to have vocals specifically designed for hip hop (D-Lin and Ritchy - check out the rapping feature introduced in 1.9.0) and Cantonese support. As SAROS' Spanish will be based on Latin American dialects as opposed to European ones, this is a huge deal for the Latin American vocal synth scene, a largely overlooked but significant piece of the industry's global rise.

Phoneme fun. (The bulk of the thing.)

I think it's fair to say SynthesizerV has been at the forefront of cross-lingual synthesis in virtual singer software. As of 1.5.0, the AI (not Lite) voices are made to easily switch between English, Mandarin, Cantonese (as of 1.9.0), and Japanese. The engine's cross-lingual synthesis is accomplished independently of the language/pronunciation proficiencies of the voice providers. This is thanks to SynthV's use of AI to constantly push the limits of vocal synthesis. ASTERIAN can sing well in Cantonese even if Eric Holloway can't (I don't know if Mr. Holloway can sing well in Cantonese. I've never heard him try. I just want to mention ASTERIAN one last time because he's awesome. More awesome than SOLARIA.)

But! It's worth noting that SynthV voices can also sing in different languages if a user manipulates the phonemes and other parameters in particular ways, though the support for these languages is not really built into the voicebanks or software. Playing with phonemes to make a voicebank sound like it's singing in a language it wasn't designed for isn't unique to SynthV and has been done for years and years and years. For example, there has never to this point been a VOCALOID voicebank for Tagalog but producers like Ensou and Dasu have used the Japanese phonemes to produce what sounds like pronunciations of Tagalog words since 2012 and 2013 respectively.

Of course, it's better to use a language that has more phonemic similarities to the language you want to mimic rather than one that has less. You would probably prefer to use Japanese and not English to make Spanish sounds. Still, sometimes a language can with surprising success be mimicked using another language that you wouldn't associate with the first. For example, I'll open up SynthesizerV Studio Basic right now and select D-Lin Lite. This voice is specialized for Mandarin rapping and singing. There are no options to use a different language because it's a Lite voice. I can create several notes and alter the phonemes like this:

[ts\A n] [p o a][a] [t 7] [kh is] [t o n e] [t o n e] [t 7] [p i] [ts\ u] [t a :n] [l @] [kh y]

He will sound very much like he is singing, “J'en vois des qui s'donnent donnent des bijoux dans le cou” in French. This is the opening line of a song that's been one of my favorites since middle school, “J'envoie Valser” by Zazie. I played around a little with D-Lin phonemes to make him sing French over summer. It was a fun project and you can try this right now because SynthesizerV Studio Basic and D-Lin Lite are both free and available online.

I can do the same with Ritchy Lite, who was made for English-language hip hop (also has both rapping and singing capabilities). Because it's an English voicebank, the phonemes are very different from D-Lin's. Some phonemes exist in Mandarin that don't exist in English and vice versa. Even for phonemes that exist in both languages, despite the engine's ability to recognize the roman alphabet for Mandarin phonemes, if I type them out the same way for both Ritchy and D-Lin, it won't sound the same. The phonemes are conceptualized completely differently across the different languages. For example, to make D-Lin say the sound in Mandarin often romanized as “xiao”, I would type [iAU]. If I type this when using Ritchy, the resulting sound is... nothing. I would need to type [zh ao]. To make Ritchy sing, “J'en vois des qui s'donnent donnent des bijoux dans le cou”, I would make the phonemes like this:

[zh ah n] [v uw aa][ax] [dx eh] [k iy] [d ow n] [ae] [d ow n] [ae] [dx eh] [b iy]
[zh uw] [dx aa n] [l ax] [k uw]

It's quite different from D-Lin! If I kept these phonemes and switched the voice to D-Lin, he wouldn't be able to pronounce most of it and some of the phonemes would automatically change, e.g. [k iy] becomes [ts'h ue :i]. Instead of sounding like the French “qui”, it sounds like “shuei” or “shway”. Now, if SynthV had French voicebanks, I would simply type the words in French and make minor alterations here and there.

Dictionaries.

If you want to try this yourself, you don't have to play around with a billion different phonemes across the three languages. You can actually download a Dictionary online. Dictionaries are a feature of SynthV (and other vocal synthesis software) that changes the default phonemes of a given set of words. Their main use is to make things less annoying. If I type “carrot”, Ritchy will sing “care - uht” because the default phonemes for “carrot” are [k ae r ax t]. In a Dictionary, I would change this to [k ae r ih t] so that anytime I write “carrot”, I won't have to alter the phonemes. This has uses for making the voices sing in other languages. If I use D-Lin and type “qui”, the software automatically makes the phonemes [ts'h ue :i], which as I mentioned earlier sounds like “shway”. If I create a Dictionary called “Mandarin and French”, I can make it so that every time I type out the word “qui”, the software makes the phonemes [kh is] rather than [ts'h ue :i]. I'd never have to change the phonemes for that word ever again. Many Dictionaries exist. Mandarin to French, Japanese to Toki Pona, and English to Korean are a few examples of SynthV Dictionaries you can download right now. Most are created by other users of the software while others are created by companies.

Eclipsed Sounds has offered English to Spanish Dictionaries for a while now and has stated that moving forward, these Dictionaries will be made unavailable as their inclusion of Spanish support will make them unnecessary!

Conclusion

This isn't what I wanted to talk about. I wanted to say that it's amazing and inspiring that Eclipsed Sound, which produces some of the most high quality synthesized voices on the market, is a team consisting of only four people that do this on the side of their main jobs. The CEO left a note at the end of the most recent SAROS announcement and I just read it before I was about to go to sleep. That was hours ago now and I ended up talking about other things. This always happens.



Eclipsed Sounds' SAROS as depicted by the official illustrator, Superstellar

“SAROS is a tenor-based vocalist with a wide range, but both their vocal style & image is semi-inspired by glam rock & the gender ambiguity/vocal flexibility of the era!” – Eclipsed Sounds



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We Should Have a Maintenance Club (and Other Ideas)

By Mia Sanghvi

The following is a transcript of a Discord conversation between Mia Sanghvi, Jay Poggi, and Ethan Ludwin-Peery, edited for clarity and grammar.

Mia: We brought up the idea of having student maintenance workers to Ed, and he said that there wasn't much interest in the past, but maybe that's changed. He said if students wanted to make a club, the college would support it.

Ethan: That does sound good! Sounds like you need three signers and a name for the maintenance club.

Mia: I talked with Vi, and they said the club idea is good, but students might want something more to keep them interested, like a wage.

Ethan: I worry that money makes it transactional; what I hope students get out of this is a sense of ownership. And I understand the doubts, but a system like this worked at Goddard for decades. For more information, check out this Teen Vogue article: [Goddard College: The History of a Self-Sufficient, Anti-Fascist Institution](#)

I think I already shared this essay with Jay, but it also seems relevant here, so I will share it again: [The Gift of It's Your Problem Now](#)

Another way to put things: students want the campus to be better (safer, cleaner, etc.), and it is already in your power to make it better in many ways. If you get paid for it, then the administration is your client; the implication is that you are making it better for the administration, you must deliver to the administration's standards or not get paid, etc. What you really want is to make it better for yourselves/each other; you should create value that is valuable for you, not what is valuable to them.

Jay: I feel like there's some kind of barrier to students thinking this way, and I'm not entirely sure what it is. There are plenty of examples of students doing things for their/the community's own benefit without anyone paying them or offering (meaningful) academic credit in return. There's The Omen, Deathfest, Mixed Nuts (although I think they do get paid a bit?), etc.

Honestly, you could probably count all the student groups as examples of students doing non-transactional good for the community. But I think with something like a housing maintenance group; there are all these social barriers that keep students from seeing that sort of work as something they have access to. Students might be so used to thinking of it as a “staff” job that they don’t even consider doing it themselves. They might consider it “labor” and thus inherently exploitative (when it could be potentially liberating). However, those sorts of “image” issues could totally be solved by students who believe in the idea getting really publicly excited about it.

Mia: Yes, that’s kind of the sentiment I was feeling.

It seems that many students here are struggling to pay tuition and, therefore, might not want to participate in things that don’t help them pay tuition, bills, groceries, etc. Especially since maintenance is seen more as “labor,” as Jay described.

Jay: I also wonder if something about college being this four-year thing that’s focused on preparing you for an external “real world” prevents students from getting invested in their school community in the way they would a more permanent one.

There are definitely counter-examples, like The Omen or Mixed Nuts, but I wonder if the legacy status of those groups lends them a sense of long-lasting importance beyond a student’s time here? Like, an Omen editor isn’t just running a paper during their brief time at school; they’re continuing this almost sacred tradition. I think turning the maintenance project into an independent study/special project type thing would help students feel empowered to do it.

Mia: Yeah. having a group independent study could definitely help. I wonder if there could be both? Have a maintenance club for those who are enthusiastic and aren’t as concerned with pay, and then a group independent study for those who want to participate but struggle to fit it in within their constraints?

Jay: Yeah, that could be a good way of structuring it.

Ethan: (In reference to Jay’s talk of barriers:) This is phrased really well, and yeah, I have the exact same concern. Since I also don’t understand what the barrier is, I’m not sure what to do to dispel the idea.

Jay: My gut says it has a lot to do with students feeling discouraged from investing in their college community (because of college's obsession with "the real world"), but I'm not sure.

Ethan: In addition to the ideas you listed, it might also just be that students assume that they would hate doing maintenance when they actually might enjoy it.

Jay: Yeah, definitely.

Ethan: The advantage existing traditions have is a group of people who model the tradition and make it look fun/enjoyable/worthwhile. If a few students did maintenance, other students could look at them and go, huh, they don't look like they're being exploited.

Jay: I think it would be really fun if my disability didn't prevent me from doing a lot of it.

Ethan: Both of you already have enough to do; you wouldn't be good candidates anyway because you already fill valuable roles. And it would be worse to spread you too thin.

Mia: Hampshire has a knack for finding people who are interested in a lot of stuff but have so little time to do it all.

Ethan: Yeah, agreed; part of the problem is that people are spread super thin. Which may be an argument for having student maintenance be an independent study or something.

Jay: This is why we need to abolish classes /barely joking

Ethan: We sure need to do something... I don't get why everyone is so much busier than when I was a student.

Mia: How big was your class?

Ethan: Like 300 people? I mean, I notice that the food is much worse at Saga. And apparently, people are sicker in the mods. Maybe students are just less healthy now.

Jay: I think people just take academics way more seriously, too. Both students and profs.

Mia: A couple of things that come to mind.

1. It doesn't seem like the college has done a good job of maintaining infrastructure, which leads to environmental health issues, toilets exploding, stove issues, etc.
2. COVID was and is disabling to many people
3. Having to cut costs leads to a decrease in quality

Ethan: Yeah, I think all of this is true.

Jay: I feel like COVID is a sneaky cause of so many problems.

Mia: It feels like we're stuck between a rock and a hard place. Upping the number of students might help a lot with people feeling spread too thin, but we need to make sure we can handle the increase of students, which would mean fixing up the residences, hiring more professors, etc.

Jay: Yeah. Honestly, I'm wondering if this rush to up enrollment was a mistake. I wonder if we should have operated at a lower capacity for a longer time to gradually build up to higher enrollment.

Ethan: To Jay's original point — I think the REAL goal is dealing with the "barrier to students thinking in this way," whatever that is. Forming a maintenance club is one way to make that happen. But it may be a big ask upfront. Maybe there are smaller ways to introduce that change at first.

For example, everyone knows the food situation at Saga is bad. So one thing you could do is buy a 50lb bag of potatoes at Atkins and turn them into baked potatoes in a mod or one of the kitchens, giving them away or selling them for \$0.50 or something to cover the cost of the taters. Hopefully, people will see that solving your own problems directly is fun and effective and will be inspired to try similar things. I love potatoes, so that's what comes to mind for me; you could equally well do spaghetti dinners or solve some other problem if Saga isn't at the top of your list. Uh, the hypothetical "you," not you two, you two are too busy.

Jay: Lol, gotcha. Maybe we could just publish this Discord convo in the Omen, lol

Ethan: Actually, that was my next suggestion! 😊 Edited for clarity and stuff, but yeah.

And so it was done...

Email me at miss22@hampshire.edu if you're interested in being a signer for a maintenance club :) Or don't. You don't need my approval or permission. Just grab two friends and start fixing the nearest thing that is broken lol



SECTION LIES

Hampshire College Crossword Answers

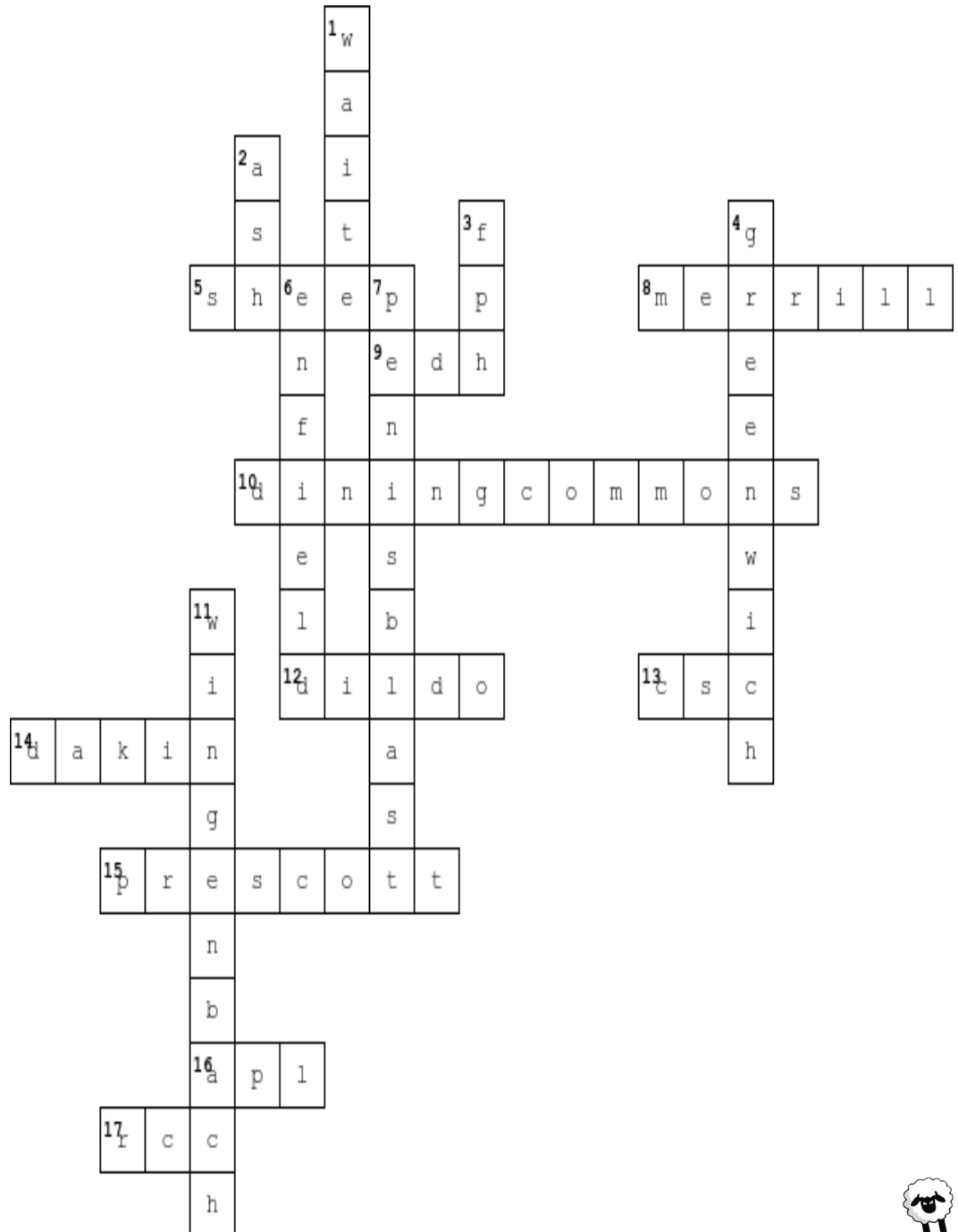
By Jack Brady

Across

- 5. SHEEP
- 8. MERRILL
- 9. EDH
- 10. DININGCOMMONS
- 12. DILDO
- 13. CSC
- 14. DAKIN
- 15. PRESCOTT
- 16. APL
- 17. RCC

Down

- 1. WAITE
- 2. ASH
- 3. FPH
- 4. GREENWICH
- 6. ENFIELD
- 7. PENISBLAST
- 11. WINGENBACH



5 Types of poems.

Written By: Clay Kesling

Limerick, Tanka, The Clay, Sijo, Cinquain. (In order)

Spray (Mischievous-Rude-Foul-Singy Songy-Rhymes)

There was an old, solitude skunk
Turns out he's some sorta punk
He found himself near a busy train
Saw a person, lifted his tail, and couldn't refrain

Falling (Single sentence-3 lines-31 syllables)

The tea bag sits quietly on the floor, water pouring out of the shattered mug,
hot liquid soaking the carpet —
I can't move.

Dull (The Clay is 5 lines:8-16-6-12-18 syllables)

My heart aches for the time I've lost.
The sand drips through the hourglass of life and death — out of my grasp.
Slipping through my fingers.
I am overcome by the numb ache of lost time.
Yet, I still hope to conquer my pain and retake the time I've lost with age.

Yonder (3 Lines-44 total syllables)

A small, untroubled grove hidden away in the forest.
In this mossy oasis lives a family of toads.
This life is serene. They fill their bellies with bugs and sleep in peace.

Firefly (Typically about nature-5 lines:2-4-6-8-2 syllables)

Blinking...
Tiny lights shine
Run and sneak. Be careful.
Hands reaching out for the small lights.
Escaped.



Changeling

By Malfoy Kimmel

I'm ready to admit it now,
that the day I got my first binder in the mail
and put it on
I was disappointed.
I didn't think I would feel an immediate euphoria
blooming across my chest in a delicious warmth
spreading through the curves of my limbs
prickling the tips of my fingers
upturning my mouth in complete
distilled joy—
but I thought there would be an emotion
bigger than myself
laying its hand over my heart like a friendly ghost
pulling me away, finally
from the fictions I had created about my body.

No one has a completely flat chest anyway
I thought, running my hands over stretchy
yet constricting fabric, reminiscent
of the tops of tummy-controlling tights
I had worn as a child, already insecure.
But it hurt less.
I put a T-shirt on over it, and pretended like
I was something a little more beautiful than me
or more handsome,
whatever that means,
or *someone* with a body dipped in waxy androgyny
lithe lines the color of shifting sand
inhuman but perfect.

I didn't look like a boy
or a man,
whatever that means,
and I'm not sure if I had wanted to
at least not for as long as it takes a spider to weave
one single strand of web.
Satisfaction in the form I had been smushed into
lasted for only then. Always has
always does. I was not unhappy, exactly.

I know the flesh cannot take on the
ocean-tide-speed changes that my mind goes through.

And sometimes the slowness to move
 is okay. Sometimes I notice the breadth of my hips
 the softness around my jaw
 and the noticing is no cruel thing;
 but then I am called somebody's daughter
 and I feel it again
 that same constricting feeling, like the binder,
 but ill-meant
 like I've left it on
 too long
 and forgotten about
 the elastic around my ribs
 forgotten how to
 breathe.



5 + 1 Story

By Maxine Aurelia-Ann Gamboa

The first time was after their first session of trying to give Lola a baby,

“What do humans usually do after intercourse?”

Bolt didn't mean to blurt those strings of words out, the unease that settled in his stomach once it became quiet clawed at him to say *something*, though maybe that sentence wasn't the best to say.

Lola choking on his own spit and jerking up in bed didn't help Bolt's uneasiness settle.

“Do you mean pillow talking? Or like, snuggling? Wait, what are we talking about?” Lola's words turned into rambling in seconds, Bolt's eyes couldn't leave the other's ankles as they turned in on themselves.

“Well, I promised you that I would take care of any fulfillments you wanted while we work on my project, and that includes this” Bolt explained, hesitating to look Lola in the eyes.

“Oh, right, the contract..” Lola huffed, resting his cheek on his knee, looking back up at Bolt. “What sounds good to me right now? Hmm..” Lola's tongue quickly peeked out of his lips once the man began to ponder.

The familiar sight made Bolt chuckle, something the demon found himself doing more being in the human's presence. “We could try those snacks that you grabbed when we went to the pharmacy..” he spoke, trying to give Lola's brain a helping poke.

“We could! In bed too! Or well, maybe after we clean the bed...and each other..” Lola's familiar grumbles soothed Bolt's ears. The demon moved off of the bed to throw on whatever he placed his clothes.

Looking back at Lola, Bolt halted in his steps.

Lola was sitting with his legs crossed, chewing a ginger curl trapped between his teeth, his hands scribbling across the journal he kept on his bed. He was sketching. A rare sight, especially when Bolt was around.

Bolt wanted Lola in this state more, he wanted to see the sketches that Lola created, to hear the ideas that the other had.

“Bolt? You’re standing in front of my dresser man”

Lola cut through his thoughts just as quickly as he occupied it. Bolt jerked his head up and nodded quickly. “Right! Sorry! Got lost in project ideas, your rickety plumbing always inspires me” he hums. Partially true, so it wasn’t a *full* lie, something that humans do a lot.

The second time was over burnt popcorn and cheese balls

“And I couldn’t get the popcorn in time because I was picking up the cheese balls then of course that’s when my abuelo out of all people called me and asked about computer mice and why they’re called that, I still don’t know why!” Lola threw his hands up in the air “-Then the doctor called and said the baby is fine, three months along, do you know how hard it is to set up a doctor’s appointment when the doctor is in hell?! The south area of hell to be exact! I know that now!” he scooped burnt popcorn in his palms as he continued rambling, shoveling it into his mouth. His jaw clenching once he began to angrily chew.

“That is why I’m here, to bring more cheeseballs, pickles, and a bag of ketchup chips. I’m surprised human groceries were opened so late, but this is the city..” Bolt hummed, placing the reusable bags on the counter.

Bolt set into the rhythm of unpacking the snacks, expecting one of them to be snatched already. Bolt and Lola set into this weekly pattern where Bolt often comes over with groceries to take care of Lola and...his child.

It took Bolt seeing the demonic projection several times for the embryo to really settle in his mind. It worked, Lola was carrying a child.

Their child?

Sure, the doctor always greeted them as the parents, but their relationship wasn’t romantic. It was a contract. A promise made to ensure both sides left satisfied.

Bolt was already satisfied. He enjoyed getting late night snacks for Lola and the bud in his stomach.

It could be argued that this was because Bolt hadn’t interacted with anyone in years. So much as daily visits.

Humans had a magic that Bolt couldn’t define.

“Did you get the ghost peppers?”

Once again Lola’s voice interrupted his thoughts with such ease, it was starting to become ridiculous. Rifling through the bag, despite knowing that he checked the contents three times before leaving the store, Bolt huffed.

“No ghost peppers, will the embryo be fine with just three different assortments of snacks?”

“They’ll be fine, I won’t be! Everyday it’s like my stomach is clawing at me to eat more and more until I pop” Lola grumbled, taking the jar of pickles.

Bolt waited for the familiar sound of the jar opening; only silence greeted his ears. Looking up from his bag, Bolt paused. Lola was staring at the jar intently, his lips pursed together.

“Will I be enough? This baby, or embryo as you love to call them, needs so much care and love...what if I’m not enough for them? For their demonic abilities?” Lola’s voice shook Bolt’s core. This was a tone Bolt wasn’t entirely familiar with, it pained him each time he heard it.

“You will be enough” Bolt found himself speaking without a thought, no puzzles of anxieties or seamlessly-stitched words. It was imperfect, in the moment. “I was born from emotions, the angst of society. Raised by well, the streets, as much as you humans love to push that narrative and its title...”

“...I found myself trying to hypothesize what my parents would look like, would they have these crescent horns? Or a twirly mustache? Maybe they’d sing one of those ritual sleep songs..” Bolt had come down this path many times in his life. Trying to find the logical answer for his creation from the emotion sloth, the solution of chance wasn’t an acceptable outcome.

Taking a deep breath, Bolt looked up from the counter, “-The embryo will experience many things, new outcomes that we are not used to, but when they do..they will have you by their side to nurture. To give them that rest stop. I have no doubt that they are in the best hands”

The feeling of Lola’s arms wrapped around him was unfamiliar; but the hiccups of ‘thank you’ streaming from the human’s lips assured Bolt that he did something good.

The third time was a trip to the museum

“The doctor said to bring the baby to familiar places! I thought, why not bring them to where we met! Or well, after I hit you with the bus, and then cried near..that statue!” Lola’s yellow-painted nail pointed to a statue of a tomato eating a human. Art never ceased to confuse Bolt.

“-Now that they have some kind of ears I want them to listen to the sounds of the city! And the museum of course! Thanks for coming with me, Willow was busy with exams” Lola’s rambles soothed Bolt from the sounds of other humans, and the looming presence of his creation. Other than the baby.

Lola’s stomach had grown considerably over the months, Bolt found his head resting on it more than he should be. Though when the child kicked Bolt, even if the pang in his ear took minutes to go away, it stirred something in his chest.

Especially when Lola looked down at him, cheeks flushed from giggling a storm, hand still resting in Bolt’s hair.

“So you want the baby to experience a low moment of your life? I thought humans waited until the angst of teenagehood..” Bolt mumbled, scratching his chin, a smile quaking on his lips at Lola’s shocked face.

“No! That’s not what I meant! You know that! This is where the contract started, the beginning of this little one’s story..” Lola hummed, hands going to cup his stomach. “Now they’re only a few weeks away from being here..”

“Your stomach shows that they are quite impatient with staying there..” Bolt mused, dodging Lola’s swats. The two begin a rotation of movements around the tomato statue. “That wasn’t a bad thing! Just an observation!” Bolt shouted over Lola’s rambles, staring down at the bump.

Their child would be just alright, so long as they never saw the statue that led to their creation.

The fourth time, coincidentally on the fourth day of the month

“Little gray potato! All bundled up and ready to see your abuelos!” Lola sang, adding the final glove to a small gray hand. “My little potato, so small and squishy” he cooed.

Nora was a baby of few emotions, Lola liked to say it was from Bolt, but the other had to disagree. Surely she wasn’t that emotionless. Plus, Nora was only a week old, what did she know other than crying?

Well, they didn’t cry a lot, but that wasn’t the point.

“Oh! I need to get my camera! Bolt, watch over Nora for a second! They’re all cozied up for the walk!” Lola cheered, waving in the direction of the baby carrier.

“We are still in your parents’ cabin, it’s more of a few steps than a walk..” Bolt replied, the thud of his footsteps being amplified with each creak of the old floorboards.

Nora Jets greeted him with a blank stare, their orange curls tucked into a bat-shaped hat. Their small frame covered in so much cloth Bolt couldn’t see her gray skin.

Bolt had to inch himself closer for a better look, Nora’s face was still chubby (Lola blamed it on the pregnancy cravings), but there was a familiarity. “You are no longer an embryo” Bolt whispered.

Nora’s eyes had widened, the baby staring back with complete concentration, lips pursed together in a frown Bolt was too familiar with.

“I’m not the one wearing the bat hat right now” Was the first thing to come out of Bolt’s mouth, crossing his arms at the baby.

Click!

“Well now I have photographic evidence that you do like each other! Aha!” Lola’s voice caught *both* of their attention. Nora and Bolt’s eyes fell to slits to look in Lola’s direction (granted, Nora was too small to tilt their head around, so they stared as sideways as possible).

“At least you didn’t use flash this time, Nora’s birth looks like forensic crime scene photos” Bolt huffed, standing up straight, looking down at Nora.

Nora’s birth was quick, one moment Lola was heaving into his grandmother’s sofa, the next he was cradling a gray bundle in his arms. That didn’t stop the tears from leaving Bolt’s mind. Lola’s hand held so tightly onto his own, terrified to let go.

Yes, Bolt was there for emotional support as the contract stated, but that moment, where all he could focus on was Lola’s panting and trembles, it felt more than an agreement. These feelings were so foriegn, Bolt wanted to distance himself from the cause of them.

Even if it was Lola.

The fifth time was over hellcakes

The only way to get Nora back was through demonic marriage. Their child—*Lola’s child*— was so close to their fingertips yet it was bureaucracy keeping them apart.

Bolt knew Lola was tired, he could feel the other’s pain. The pain Bolt caused with his selfishness of wanting the portal to work in time of Halloween.

So he did the best thing he could do in the moment; getting Lola snacks.

Hellcakes were a common delicacy among demons, Bolt had many fond memories of swiping them off of stands when he learned what being alone truly meant: you had to fend for yourself.

The snack cakes represented the selfishness of Bolt's past.

'If it weren't for my selfishness, Nora would be in Lola's arms, rather than the both of us in hell' Using his claw to slice open the wrapper, Bolt took this moment to look over at Lola.

There wasn't a bite taken from the other's cake. Lola's eyes were lost, the rushed sounds of the city filling the activeness that he seemed to lack in the moment.

Bolt hated seeing Lola like this, especially because it was all due to his choices.

"Lola, I will do the marriage ceremony."

That caught Lola's attention, his eyes *finally* looking up to meet Bolt's slits. "But it'll take months! We don't even know if that will guarantee Nora! Your project-"

"Forget the project-" Bolt interjected without hesitation "-Nora needs to come home, back to you, my engineering can wait, it can wait centuries if it needs to, I am putting everything into this marriage ceremony. For you, and for Nora"

"I don't understand.."

"You don't have to, I am making this choice, all I ask is that you...you focus on preserving your energy. To be Lola, it is such a gift, it inspires me to do better, to be better. So yes, I am halting my work, but I am putting everything into bringing Nora back"

When it came to Lola, Bolt found himself crafting sentences with such ease. It was a gift.

"Now, I'd recommend finishing your hellcake before the hellhounds smell them and start losing their heads...quite literally."

The moment Lola realized

"Yes! That's it Nora!" Lola cheered, clapping his hands together as Nora bounced up and down, her hands out to prevent face planting. The radio blasting in the Jets' household was a common occurrence, especially now that Nora could dance.

If you considered dancing to be bouncing up and down.

"Mamapapa!" Nora squealed, his growing fangs beaming in the light as he waddled towards Lola, who scooped her up with ease.

"My baby, so good at dancing, just like their Mampapa" he cooed, kissing her grey face all over until Nora's squeals of protest became sparks of flame leaving her lips. The beat of the music soothed Lola, reminding him of the days where he soared through the air or twirled on rope, though being a parent to a demon meant he never really left the circus.

Hearing the doorknob jiggle, the old door creaking to life, Nora and Lola swung their heads to the doorframe, both cracking a wide smile at who it was.

"Bolt!" Lola hummed.

"Bot!" Nora squeaked in unison.

Stumbling over the mounds of stuffed animals, and a sleeping Stew, Bolt dropped the bags of groceries onto the ground once he saw Nora bounding over to crawl onto his chest.

"Little one! There you are! Look at you go!" He cheered on, kneeling down and scooping Nora up, eye-slits dilating once Nora gently bumped their horn against his own.

Lola had the family he always wanted; but he was wrong on his theory of feeling loved. He didn't *need* the family to feel loved, it was the presence of Bolt itself. Bolt was his family.

The hands on his back when Lola had midnight sickness, a head bump when Lola was feeling down, even now, Bolt letting Nora babble in his arms as he picked up the (slightly) ruined groceries.

EDITOR/AUTHOR NOTE: THIS PIECE WAS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN ON 12/08/22! BOLT & LOLA ARE OCS OF MINE WHO I PLANNED ON WRITING A STORY ABOUT (SPECIFICALLY THEIR BABY GETTING LOST IN HELL). I HOPE YOU ENJOYED READING!



Section Hate

Glitchee Glitchee Goo

By Maxine Aurelia-Ann Gamboa



JEHOVAH'S FLYEST WI...

@ssyriek

Follow



just binge watched The Sopranos for 9 straight hours. CALL ME "BIG PUSSY" capiche 🙌 🙌



10:45 AM · 03 Jul 23 · **250K** Views



Sasha

@tinywienerbabe

i don't mind dating they/thems but
this is ridiculous

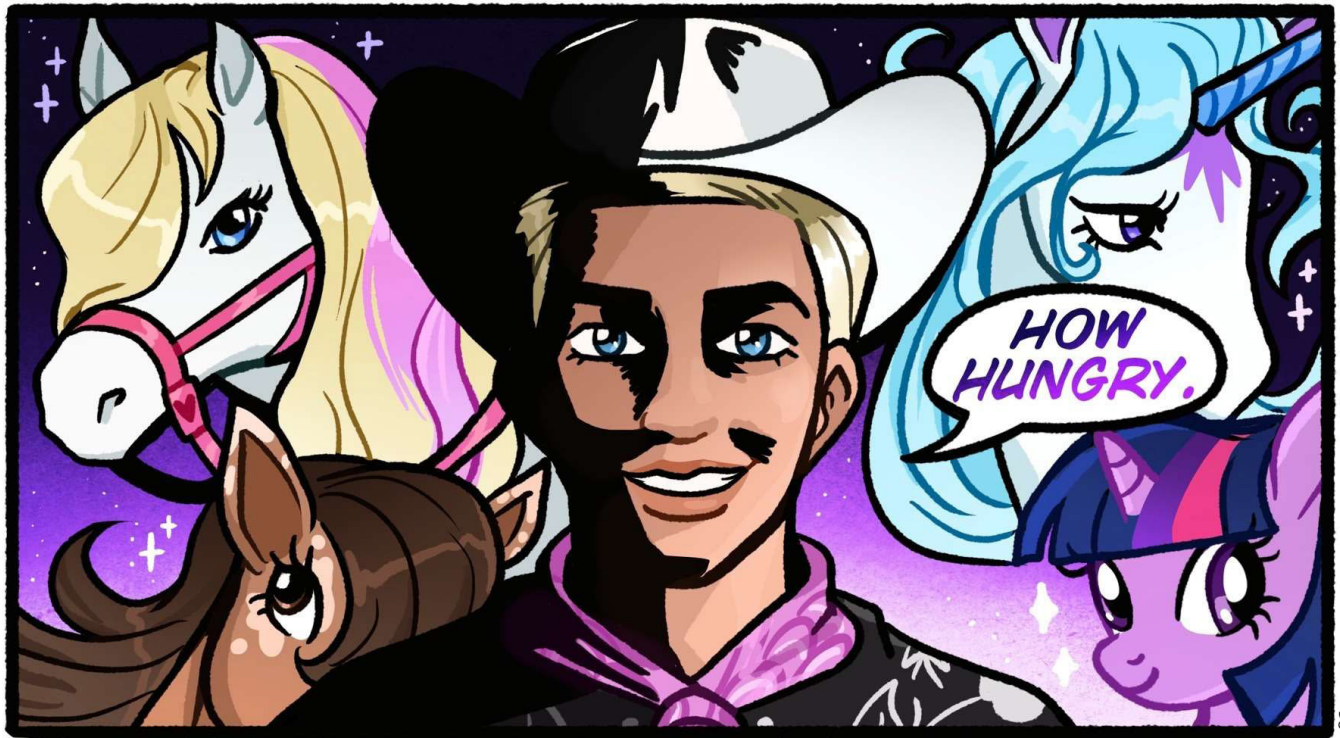


Ezekiel, 25

they/them

Software Engineer at Utopia

Silicon Valley 2020





**Editors! It's time to
get PENIS BLASTED by
InDesign and fight to
the death with Omen
Office mold!!**



Yes Omen....